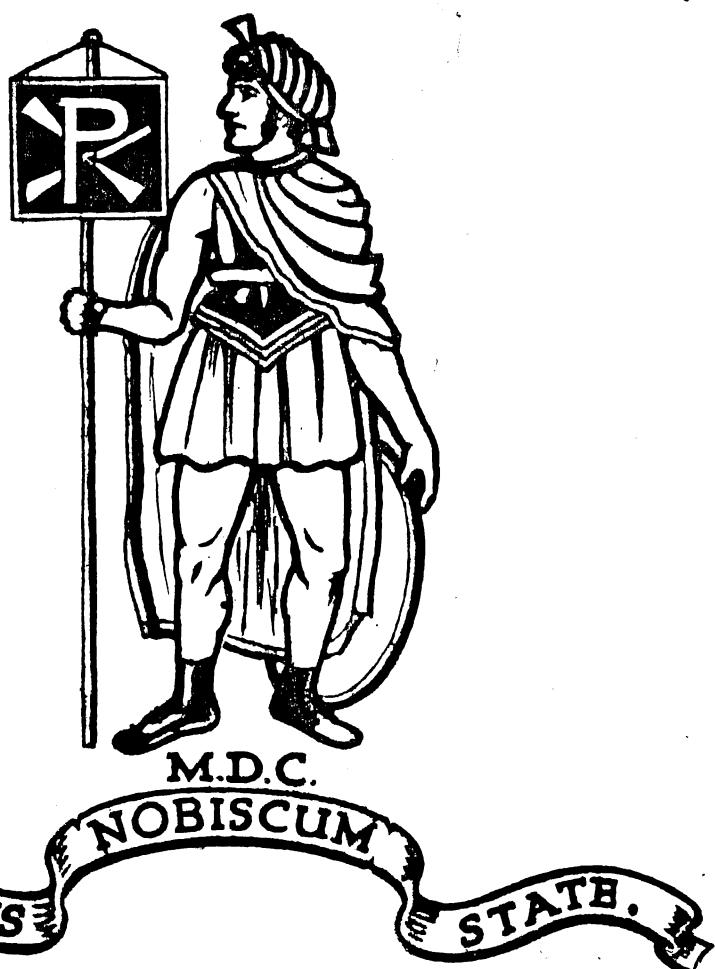


The  
Alcester Grammar



School Record

July, 1942.

# Alcester Grammar School Re

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No. 72

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EDITOR—MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE—

M. AUSTIN, J. PLESTERS, D. SAVAGE, STEV

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## Notes and News.

The Summer Term opened on Wednesday, A.  
and closes on Thursday, July 23rd.

During the early days of term, Upper and Lower Fifth  
had Form examinations.

On Thursday, April 30th, Dr. Priestley, Vice-Chancellor  
of Birmingham University, gave a lantern lecture on Scott's  
Antarctic expedition, in which he had taken part.

On Wednesday, April 29th, a party from the Sixth, with  
Miss Greaves, cycled to Stratford-on-Avon to see a per-  
formance of the "Winter's Tale."

Our best wishes to Miss Smye (now Mrs. Penn) on the  
occasion of her wedding.

We much regret that Miss Greaves was eventually com-  
pelled through illness to resign her post as English Mistress  
early in the term.

We are pleased that Mrs. Glover has now returned after  
an illness which caused her absence for the first two months  
of term.

The illnesses of Miss Greaves and Mrs. Glover occasioned  
some temporary appointments to the Staff. Miss Mobbs,  
who deputised for Miss Greaves last term, stayed on with  
us to take Mrs. Glover's work. But upon Miss Greaves'  
resignation, she resumed the higher English work, and Miss  
M. J. Bray was appointed to deputise for Mrs. Glover.

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, April 24th, a lecture on Japan was given to Forms IVa and upwards by Commander Partington.

ay was Thursday, May 7th. On this occasion prizes were presented and the address given by Mr. Headmaster of Rugby.

day holiday, asked for by Mr. Lyon, has been fixed to the Summer holidays, which now begin on morning, instead of afternoon.

15th Captain Daintree gave his lecture on Life to the girls of Forms iii and upwards.

May 28th Lance-Corporal W. E. Savage related to Forms Fifth and Sixth some personal experiences and impressions of the Gold Coast.

Two new prefects have been appointed this term. They are Bryan and Yapp.

The Whitsuntide holiday consisted of Monday and Tuesday, May 25th and 26th.

Sports Day, which was Thursday, June 4th, favoured us with a temperature quite the equal of that of our many traditionally hot Sports days.

The sale of programmes on Sports Day realised £6 10s. A cheque for this amount together with £1 5s. from collections was presented to the Red Cross Fund.

Blankets and a number of articles made by pupils for Arts and Crafts Competitions were presented for a Red Cross Sale held at Warwick.

Half term was taken on Friday, June 5th.

In the morning of June 4th le capitaine Tilgé of the Free French Army gave a talk on the Free French movement.

A Sports Competition was arranged with King Henry VIII School, Coventry, for Monday, June 8th. In this, A.G.S. were the winners by nine events to one.

We are very grateful to Mrs. A. Gothard for the gift of a large number of books to the school libraries.

Mr. Bates' former pupils will be interested to learn that Mr. Caton has recently received a letter from him from India.

The girls' tennis tournaments will take place during the last week of the term.

The Oxford examinations began on July 2nd.

In the obstacle races on Sports Day, a large net took the place of the customary rick sheet. Was the idea of this to provide a suitable head covering for a few of our long-haired prefects?

Can M.M. enlighten us as to the nature of a weather vein?

On Wednesday, July 1st, a party of the Upper Fifth, with Miss Mobbs, Miss Weatherup and Mr. Druller visited the Memorial Theatre to see a performance of "The Merchant of Venice." The majority of the party made the journey to Stratford and back by bicycle.

A talk on Careers was given to girls of Forms VI and Upper V on Friday, June 26th, by Dr. Nesca Robb.

### School Register.

#### Valete.

Palin, A. (Upp. IV <sup>A</sup> ), 1941-42.	Willcox, B. E. (Low. IV <sup>B</sup> ),
Purkis, P. L. (Upp. IV <sup>A</sup> ), 1941-42.	1941-42.
Midlane, P. (Upp. IV <sup>B</sup> ), 1932-41.	Tuckey, E. J. (III <sup>B</sup> ), 1941-42.
Parlow, E. G. D. (Upp. IV <sup>B</sup> ), 1941-42.	Buchanan, K. J. (ii), 1941-42. McDermott, J. V. M. (ii), 1941-42.

#### OMITTED LAST TERM.

Battersea, F. (Upp. IV<sup>A</sup>), 1939-41. Ingram, P. R. (Low. V),  
1938-41.

#### Salvete.

Burden, P. J. (ii).	Sanders, J. R. (Low. IV <sup>A</sup> ).
Druller, B. J. (i).	Summerhill, S. L. (III <sup>B</sup> ).

There have been 342 pupils in attendance this term.

### Old Scholars' News.

On account of the many obstacles to the making of satisfactory arrangements, it has been eventually decided with regret, that no Reunion can be held this summer. It is felt, however, that the prospects of even an average attendance this year were not bright, seeing that such a large proportion of Old Scholars are engaged in national service of one kind or another, while many who might otherwise attend would be prevented from coming to Alcester by transport difficulties. With the Guild Officers so widely scattered, it is difficult to hold even a committee meeting.

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A noticeable feature of the School Sports Day this year was the comparatively small number of Old Scholars present. It is true that there were some few there, but they appeared to be very much swamped by other visitors, instead of, as has been customary in the past, forming a great part of the crowd.

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Two Old Scholars returned from abroad have recently been in Alcester. One of these is W. E. Savage, who had quite a lot to tell us about life in West Africa, where he has spent about two years. The other visitor was Vera Wickett, of whom news was given in our last issue. She is now safely home with her infant son, after having travelled right round the world since leaving England. An account of a thrilling adventure which she had in the Pacific appears in another page.

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Of other Old Scholars abroad we cannot disclose many particulars. We hear that Kathleen Smallwood, after her long travels, is now in India; that Richard Midlane has joined the Indian Army as a cadet; and that John H. Thomas is among the group of our Old Scholars now serving in the Middle East.

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We offer our deep sympathy to the parents, brothers and sisters of Tony Baylis, who has been killed in a flying accident. He was the youngest boy of a large family, all of whom have been pupils at A.G.S.

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Our sympathy also is extended to the relatives of Victor Stock, whose death in tragic circumstances occurred early this year.

It is with regret that we announce that Eric Sherwood (scholar 1924-28) was reported missing last October, while engaged in a flight over the Mediterranean.

Congratulations to Stephen K. Walker (scholar 1928-40), who has passed his Law Tripos, Part 2, with 3rd Class Honours, at Cambridge University. He has also earned distinction in University sporting circles, rowing at stroke in the first boat of Caius and Gonville College.

Congratulations also (though somewhat belated) to Seymour J. Ledbury (scholar 1930-34) who passed the final of the Law Society's examination in November, 1940.

When S. C. Scriven paid a call lately at School, we were pleased to observe that he was now wearing three "pips."

### **Births.**

On April 2nd, to Rev. and Mrs. A. J. Partridge (née Kathleen Jagger)—a daughter.

On May 22nd, to Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Heath (née Dorothy Winnett)—a son.

On May 23rd, to Mr. and Mrs. E. Heighway—a daughter.

On June 6th, to Captain and Mrs. S. C. Scriven—a son.

On June 21st, to Captain and Mrs. C. S. Bartlett (née Phyllis Alexander)—a daughter.

On June 27th, to Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Jones (née Patricia Inns)—a daughter.

### **Marriages.**

On February 2nd, at Campbeltown, Argyllshire, Geoffrey Bullock (scholar 1933-36) to Helen McIntyre Short.

On April 4th, at Alcester, Eric John Lewis (scholar 1932-38) to Elsie Marguerite Martens.

On April 29th, at Redditch, Alfred John Chatterley (scholar 1930-35) to Eileen Spiers.

On May 23rd, at Hanley, Staffs., Raymond Frederic Winnett (scholar 1923-27) to Vera Whitehead.

On June 6th, at Alcester, William E. Savage (scholar 1928-33) to Edith Ashton.

On June 11th, at Alcester, Jaroslav Vondrak (Czechoslovakian forces) to Margaret E. Smith (scholar 1932-35).

On June 20th, at Haselor, Robert A. L. Taylor to Jacqueline M. Stewart (scholar 1932-37).

On June 24th, at Atch Lench, Edward Oliver Jackson (scholar 1921-25) to Elisabeth Alldridge.

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### Deaths.

On March 21st, at Church Lench, Victor Stock (scholar 1913-18), aged 39 years.

On May 21st, on active service, Anthony Baylis (scholar 1932-38), aged 21 years.

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### The School "Sides."

Numerous inquiries have been received of late about the origin of the names by which the three Sides are known. We have consequently consulted Mr. E. Wells, our former headmaster, who has supplied us with particulars.

The Captains of the original sides, writes Mr. Wells, were Arthur K. Brown, Tom Gostling and Kenneth Hall. When they had picked their sides, the question of names for the sides came up, and each side was then given the job of choosing a name for itself. Brown's side were not long in deciding on their name—the Brownies—and Tom Gostling's soon fixed upon the name 'Tomtits' as suitable to them. Hall's side were longer in coming to their decision in favour of the 'Jackals,' and how they arrived at it I really don't know; though I have always thought the similarity of sound in the name Hall and the second syllable of Jackal had to do with it.

### **Torpedoed.**

It was pleasant sitting knitting on the boat deck in the sunshine, having left behind the sticky heat of the tropics. The suddenness of the dull thud which caused the ship to shudder from stern to bows, seemed unbelievable. My companions exchanged quick glances—the word 'torpedo' was barely whispered as we rose swiftly and sped down to our respective cabins. I reached my cabin just as the Klaxon emitted its shrill, familiar warning—familiar because of our daily boat drills. I snatched up my haversack, already packed at the commencement of the voyage with emergency necessities, tied on my life belt, then rolled my baby son Peter, not then eight months old, in shawls and a travelling rug, and stumbled up to the 'muster' station. There was no panic, no undue alarm; we could have found our muster stations in the dark if need be. Our lifeboat was already lowered to the level of the boat deck and in I stepped, firmly clutching the unconcerned Peter. In less time than it takes to tell, our lifeboat was lowered jerkily to the heaving waters below (there was a tremendous swell) and the fragile boat met the water with a loud, flat-sounding plop.

At this juncture the ship was in good shape, as that first torpedo having hit the stern had not caused fatal damage. The captain on the bridge was still yelling orders through his megaphone as other lifeboats were in the reluctant process of being lowered. Some of our rowing crew were Chinese and the fatalism of the Oriental prevailed and they sobbed 'This is the will of Allah,' laid down their oars, put their heads in their hands and moaned. Fortunately a bluff, good-hearted Irishman, one of the passengers, knew something about rowing and he soon marshalled the willing but unskilled passengers upon whom the onus of rowing devolved. Quite calm, but feeling very small and remote in that frail craft tossing like a cork on the ocean, I looked around me for the first time and to my unspeakable horror saw a bronze-coloured stick like a stout candle whizzing through the water. My neighbour had also seen it, for she nudged me and murmured "torpedo!" For a breathless second it seemed to be coming straight at us, but I was mistaken; it hit the side of the ship with no results—it was a dud.

By now the other lifeboats were clear of the ship, tossing, impotent, helpless against the solid bulk of the ship. Poor maimed lady! in her bows was a hole the size of an army

lorry caused in a collision with a tanker, three days before ; this had reduced our speed to five knots per hour, making us a perfect target for a submarine, as we made for the nearest dry dock.

Time passed—minutes seemed like hours—when suddenly a 'plane came into view and circled above us. Simultaneously our attention was diverted by a deafening explosion ; smoke and steam ascended heavenwards as the boilers burst after the third torpedo had found its mark. The gallant S.S. Ulysses sank swiftly to her watery grave.

The 'plane vanished but our hopes were high even as we pitched and tossed, all of us feeling very ill with the exception of the oldest and youngest passengers, the former an old lady of eighty-six, travelling alone, and the latter, my son.

After another seemingly endless lapse of time we sighted a speck on the horizon. As it drew nearer and took shape we realised it to be a destroyer flying the American flag. She approached and stopped. We rowed towards her with renewed energy ; willing, friendly hands reached out and hauled us up and over one by one. The often ridiculed American voice welcomed us to warmth and comparative safety. Our relief was inexpressible, our thankfulness and gratitude too deep for my pen to describe. Twenty-four hours later the whole two hundred and ninety of us were landed at an American port, very travel-stained, but none the worse for the disaster.

V.W.

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### On Keeping a Garden.

My experience of keeping a garden is small and discouraging. I have at various times owned four small patches of ground, each about nine square feet in area, each unproductive of anything that might be described as useful, and each coming to an unfortunate end.

The first of my efforts at gardening was made some ten years ago in a mound of sand. Being very enthusiastic, and keen to see my flowers bloom, I watered the seeds so much that I have no doubt that they were all washed away. At any rate, my younger sister, resenting the commandeering of the sand patch, completed the annihilation of the seeds and nothing grew.

A kind aunt, who had heard of my first attempt at the cultivation of the land, sent me a packet of mixed flower seeds for the following summer. This time I was presented with some soil by my parents and aided greatly in the planting and tending of the precious seeds. I seemed to be having some measure of success, and had, in fact, some flowers, when a kind gentleman, in an effort to re-organise the garden, decided to convert my patch into a path. I received this unkindness with great grief and, having wept about my loss so much that I could have watered a dozen such gardens, vowed never to grow anything again.

Gardening is a very interesting and health-giving hobby. There is a thrill about planting seeds and young plants, and watching them growing. I prefer, however, to dig than to pull up weeds or even plant things. A short time ago we converted a corner of a field into a potato patch. The digging for this was the best kind of gardenwork; I could see that I had done something and, although it was a very tiring task, it was well worth doing. The open air is excellent for one's health, as are the results of patient labour in wartime, when potatoes, carrots, cabbages and all the other vegetables are the order of the day.

With the coming of the war I decided to renounce my vow of never again gardening, and to dig for victory. I selected my piece of land, a mass of weeds, and in one afternoon converted it into a neat and respectable bed for beans. They grew, and showed all signs of being a marvellous crop; then bombing began. Late that summer I went home for a day. The beans—if the shrivelled mass of dried vegetation could be so called—were still there amid a pile of rubble. Since I had written to tell them at home that they could expect at least ten meals off my crop, I was infuriated at the lack of appreciation of my efforts, and have given up cultivating food for a household who refuse to eat it.

My attentions are now turned to a small square bed containing several asters, a mass of eschscholtzia, a nameless and indescribable flowering shrub, some prize carnations, and, considering the size of the bed, an overpowering quantity of weeds. I see nothing prize about the carnations, although I admit that they contain a wonderful number of earwigs. The weeds are wonderful only for their abundance, and the spiders, which are also innumerable, for their size.

Much as I like flowers and vegetables, and much interest as I find in studying them, I am quite willing to

allow anyone else to tend my garden. Digging and hedge-cutting I can enjoy, but weeding bores me. For the duration of the war all must help in keeping the garden, and increasing the food supply. One day I mean to have a big garden where I can do as I like, have a pond, plenty of trees and a large rockery. There I shall not be told what to do and how to do it; I shall use my own methods, unorthodox as they may be.

J. BULLER (Upper V).

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### Whip and Chop.

Two little dogs named Chip and Chop,  
Were bought by Anne from an animal shop;  
Chip was a peke so happy and gay,  
While Chop was the same only white and grey.  
Anne was a girl who lived by the sea,  
And as kind to her dogs as a person could be.  
Chip started a game with master's slipper,  
And Anne let her play and did not whip her.  
Chop joined in and tore off the sole,  
And then stuck his head through the great big hole!

In trying to get out of this awful fix,  
Chop pushed Chip in a pile of sticks,  
Just then the wind began to blow,  
And tossed poor Chip, both to and fro.  
This tangled Chip up more and more,  
Until he could not move a claw.  
The gardener then came for the sticks for his beans;  
And described this sight as the queerest of scenes,  
But after some barking he set the dogs free,  
And off they ran to a long-wanted tea.

VALERIE SHARP (Form IIIA).

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### In Support of the Rural Press.

To the person desiring an interesting and entertaining afternoon of leisure I can suggest nothing better than a comfortable chair and the latest edition of any local newspaper. These remarkable journals embody most of the good points of larger and more important newspapers. They contain articles of topical, local and historical interest, which surpass many articles produced by more widely-known journalists, since they do not attempt to summarise the international situation or last week's cricket match, but leave the reader to draw his own conclusions, showing that they do not at least underestimate his mentality.

The articles of news from the district fill the page to which most of us will first turn. Here we may rejoice at having been at Mrs. Blank's garden party and may sympathise with her that the weather was not all it should have been. Here may we also mourn at having missed the boy scouts' parade, headed by the village brass band. I am sure that vendors at jumble sales and other local functions must feel extremely satisfied to see their names in print, but as I have never been offered such a position I cannot say.

An excellent feature of all rural newspapers, and sometimes urban ones, is the advertisement columns. One is offered everything from a tandem to a sapphire and pearl pendant or a spaniel puppy. There is sure to be someone willing to exchange their gold watch and chain for half a dozen records of a popular dance band, and if you are lucky enough to meet a white kitten with a bell on a pink ribbon hung around its neck and answering to the name of Tabitha, there is sure to be a reward in money or kind for you when you return Tabitha to her mistress. Here probably is your last chance of ever seeing in print that ancient and off-quoted grammatical error, "Wanted, a piano, by a lady with carved legs," for sooner or later it is sure to crop up in some shape or form in one of these columns. It is marvellous what regular readers can deduce from advertisement columns. This is generally known as "reading between the lines." From the announcement that Farmer G. wants to sell his mowing machine, one may know for a fact that he is up to his eyes in debt and going to give up farming. It never occurs to one that he may be selling in order to buy a more modern or more expensive machine. I think, in order to get the fullest amount of satisfaction from advertisement columns and other columns, it is necessary to possess this almost supernatural power of "reading between the lines," which I may say comes only from years of regular practice.

We have also the review or rather preview of the week's films. Here more than justice is done to any film. The script is condensed into ten lines or so with surprisingly good effect. The rural paper also, unlike its urban brother, always obligingly tells us how the film ends.

I mentioned that these papers were interesting from an historical viewpoint. The history depicted is local history,

usually taking the form of excerpts from that paper published a century or half a century ago. Here we may read of the great frost when an ox was roasted on the frozen village pond, and a moonlight skating party was organised. We may read also of the local revels at the jubilee of Queen Victoria. Let us look forward to the time when we of the younger generation may glance down these delightful columns and sigh "Ah, happy days!"

Rural papers have and always have had a curious but nevertheless pleasing way of filling up odd spaces with scraps of famous poems or well-known proverbs. Sometimes curious facts are used to fill up these spaces. For instance, we may read when the Loch Ness monster was last seen and how many sand bags could be filled from the Sahara desert. There are usually interesting and useful facts placed in most rural newspapers.

Before shortage of paper ordained that the size of all newspapers was to be cut down, a short story was included in the items. Among these rank some of the best ghost stories and thrillers I have ever read. The novelty of these stories was that they were based on local history and legends. Whether they were true or not does not matter at all, for they made excellent reading, and at this moment I can recall stories from rural papers of several years back, and that is surely the test for a good story.

Photographs, usually of local weddings but sometimes of sports events, have a deservedly prominent place in the rural newspaper. The first I will pass over. The second provide a more varied subject. Here we may see the victorious dart team of the "Damp Duck" refreshing themselves in their ancestral home, and treating the visiting team to a pint in which to drown or nearly drown their disappointment. Here also is a photograph of the Home Guard parade. I apologise for ranking a Home Guard parade as a sporting event. This is usually greeted by remarks like "There's our Bill. Oh, it's not our Bill. It's Mr. What's-his-name down the road. Our Bill is the forage cap that's slipped in the back row."

I am sure, readers, that after perusing these items, you will decide that the twopence you expended on your newspaper has been really well spent.

R. J. P. (Upper V).

### Coming Events

Curiosity about all and sundry is a recognised feature of daily life, and speculation about the future is not the least absorbing of pastimes. Even the most contented of beings often feels the need of visualizing something far different from "the daily round, the common task." Thought on the dim and distant horizon is a compensation for the petty disappointments of life.

This curiosity explains the success of any fortune teller at a fair. The tent, with the strange, exotic name of the occupant displayed, is a centre of attraction. To hesitate is to be lost. Drawn by some inner urge of which you are barely conscious, you enter. The tent is revealed with its strangely mystic atmosphere, partially produced, it must be admitted, by the paraffin lamp which throws a dim and very faltering light. The nerves of the prospective client are already on edge, as a sepulchral voice is heard to say "Give me your hand." A figure draped in what appears to be oriental garb, becomes dimly visible, the high-priestess of the mysteries. Strange happenings are foretold. It is with a feeling of awe that one stumbles towards the aperture that serves as a door. But—"one moment"—you turn, vaguely expecting some further revelations of a startling nature. "That will be one shilling, please." This last is uttered in so business-like a tone, that it abruptly dispels the prophesies from the brain, and one is left with a vague confusion of important letters, inheritances and prospective journeys.

Just as popular are the horoscopes to be read in the daily papers, under such titles as "The Stars and You." The same feeling of anxiety is present as one reads them, lest the verdict should be unfavourable. A sigh of relief is breathed as the promise is blandly held forth that "to-day will be favourable for your enterprises." Such is the power of the printed word over the mind. But, alas, there is a drawback. Upon consulting various papers with a view to finding by intensive reading the utmost knowledge of the future, as represented by the day, one finds strangely conflicting theories. These foster suspicion, and the final question is "To seek or not to seek?"

MARY AUSTIN (Form VI).

### **The Police Force.**

You are looking at the portrait of a man. He is of average height, but looks shorter because of the magnitude of his circumference. A helmet pushed to the back of his head frames a face which is red and shining. In one massive hand he holds a small, much-thumbed note book, and in the other a stub of pencil which is being industriously licked. The face wears a self-important, yet worried, look, and the feet which are planted well apart, are several sizes bigger than the average. You recognise the portrait? Of course you do! It is the traditional portrait of the village "bobby."

There can be no other section of the community, except perhaps that of the long-suffering schoolmistress, that has been so constantly and consistently caricatured. It is impossible to read a detective story in which he does not appear at some point or other. His face may be a little less red, and he may be a little less corpulent, but his appearance never differs to any appreciable extent. Usually his English is, to say the least of it, questionable, and he is never intimately acquainted with the letter 'h.'

It is remarkable that the profession which provides authors with their "scapegoats of the piece" should also furnish them with their ideal hero. The picture of the tight-lipped, grim-jawed detective is even more familiar than that of the village "bobby." These ideal heroes are invariably tall, with broad shoulders and slim hips (it may be noticed that this description may be applied equally well to the average conception of a cowboy) and are possessed of grim and inscrutable smiles. In addition I would say that it would be unpardonable of an author to produce a detective who had not steely grey-blue eyes. Of this last characteristic too the cowboy shares the monopoly with detectives.

In reality the average policeman is a hard-working member of the community, who seldom receives the recognition that he undoubtedly deserves. We laugh at the supposed exclamation of all visitors to this country.—"Oh! I think your policemen are wonderful"—but the adjective "wonderful" might very properly be applied to them. Their duties in helping to maintain the laws of our country are often far from pleasant. In a recent issue of a local paper

appeared the following passage:—"On the night of Friday last, P.C.'s W., J. and G. were summoned to the corner of H. Street and W. Street, where six Irishmen who were drunk and disorderly were attempting to smash the windows of the adjacent shops. The Irishmen resisted the attempts of the police to stop them, and in the ensuing struggle P.C.'s W. and G. received severe head injuries. They are now recovering in the local hospital."

Our modern policemen is neither an illiterate lunatic nor an infallible genius, but a normal intelligent person. I may add that it is my ambition to write a dectective story. My hero will, of course, possess steely-grey eyes and a grim inscrutable smile.

M. GOODALL (Upper V).

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### **The Convoy.**

At approximately 12.30 a.m. on the 10th March, a convoy consisting of forty ships sailed slowly out of New York harbour. There were vessels of all shapes and sizes, from battered old tramps, which had plied backwards and forwards across the Atlantic for years, to luxury liners now used for transport craft.

The ships sailed out to a meeting place where the escort ships were waiting for them. A thick fog descended over the sea, completely covering all the vessels. The merchant ships were formed in three lines with the destroyers on the outside of the square. A cruiser took up her position at the head of the convoy and by means of morse and siren gave her instructions to the captains of the merchantmen. The destroyers formed an almost impenetrable barrier against U-boats and other surface craft.

At last the order to start was given and the convoy and escort steamed slowly into the Atlantic with all the perils from the Nazis ahead of them. A constant watch was kept all night by the captains and crew of the ships. Nothing happened and the monotonous silence which descends over the sea at night was broken only by the throb of the mighty engines and the wail of a destroyer's siren, as she fussed round the convoy.

Dawn broke at last with heavy seas breaking over the bows of the vessels. Suddenly the cruiser picked up the sound of enemy 'planes and the convoy opened out into a wider formation. The destroyers rushed round the convoys at full speed spreading a smoke screen from their funnels. As the 'planes swooped to attack the guns of the escort opened up with a raking fire, the pom-poms of the destroyers beating a wild tattoo of victory. The raiders were at last driven off, but the convoy had not escaped loss. One small tramp had been hit amidships and within ten minutes she had heeled quietly over and sunk. The survivors were picked up by the destroyers' boats and once more the convoy resumed its long journey.

The coastline of Britain loomed up ahead at last and the convoy sailed up the Channel. A U-boat was sighted, but not wishing to pick a quarrel with a destroyer, she dived and made for home. Once again a convoy had safely reached Britain with its precious cargo of merchandise and food.

HUNT i (Upper V).

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### **The Escapist.**

Our house is definitely a "war conscious" house. We would as soon think of missing a meal as missing a news bulletin. At breakfast, we sit in gloomy silence while mother listens to the kitchen front; at lunch, we discuss at length the latest letter from my brother in the Middle East. Tea is enlivened by my father's descriptions of how to use a pike; and at supper we speculate on whether our bombers will be over Cologne or Essen. I believe in taking an interest in the war, but one can have too much of any thing.

I decided to follow the example of a film star seeking publicity, and "get away from it all." For, I thought, I surely deserve a little respite.

Accordingly, I set off one cool April morning on my bicycle, with a tin of sandwiches and a block of ration chocolate in my pocket. The air was keen, with a tang of dampness, and as I cycled down the road, I noticed the dew glistening on the few flowers left in our garden. A pale watery sun shone feebly on the wakening world, and with a feeling of determined happiness I turned down a side lane.

I actually enjoyed the first few minutes, but as I neared a little cottage I heard the faint but persistent tones of

Alvar Liddell. I hurriedly hummed a tune to myself as I passed the cottage, but realised with annoyance that I was singing "There'll always be an England."

An aeroplane zoomed overhead, and before I could stop myself I had decided that it was a Hurricane. I riveted my eyes to the hedgerows, and saw in the distance a large white mass near the roadside. As I drew towards it I saw that it was a road block with an elderly member of the Home Guard leaning against it, lighting his pipe.

"Morning, Miss" he sang out, "d'you happen to have heard the news this morning?" "No," I said firmly, "I'm afraid that I haven't" and I cycled grimly on. I turned a corner. "At last," I thought, "here is the true British countryside, the heart of old England," and I quoted aloud a few lines from "This England," just to get the right atmosphere.

I pedalled happily along, taking deep breaths and looking hopefully into the fields for contented, grazing cattle. Alas, only rows of cabbages and potatoes met my eyes. But I was not to be easily disheartened, and my hopes soared when I saw the roofs of houses and a church spire away to my left. A turn in the road revealed a little village. "Here," I thought, "I shall find peace," and I smiled indulgently upon three small boys who were coming towards me.

"Hullo" I shouted, "Is this F——n?" I waited to hear their soft voices with the burr of the Gloucestershire dialect. But only the strident shriek of a cockney fell upon my ears, "Coo, look at 'er," followed by screams of piercing laughter.

I gathered from the least rude of the three that they were evacuees from London, and that they resided at Rose Cottage, where Mrs. Jones could oblige me with a "cup er tee." I proceeded to Mrs. Jones' domain, where I had lunch to the accompaniment of a detailed description of F——n's one incendiary bomb, and an account of Mrs. J's personal feelings at the time of the "raid."

I left Rose Cottage to wend my way towards the one shop. The small windows were covered with "No Sweets and No Cigarettes" notices, and reminders that shopkeepers could not accept loose coupons. I turned away, feeling that, after that, I could not face the interior of the shop.

I sadly mounted my bicycle and rode out of the village. I swept forward, trying to ignore the "Careless Talk" poster on the wall of the "Jolly Ploughboy." I decided to make one final effort to escape from the war, and cycled on until I saw a farm set just back from the road. I thought that a glass of milk and a chat with the farmer's wife might soothe my troubled feelings. But I suddenly stopped to stare with horror at some smiling, dark-skinned men, with red circles on the coat backs, who were working in the farm-yard.—Italian prisoners! I could clearly see, beyond the men, two stirrup pumps hung in prominent positions outside the farm door, and, as the last straw, a young lady, wearing the uniform of the W.A.A.F. came to the door and called to the man supervising the prisoners, "Dad, I want to go shopping, but I can't find your ration book. Where is it?"

I stumbled away from the place, mounted my bicycle and turned homewards. Back I sped, back past the "Jolly Ploughboy," the village shop, Rose Cottage and the grinning boys. Back past the cabbages, the road block and the Home Guard, back until I reached the main road. I rode straight on, looking neither to right nor to left until I could dimly see my home. Then, to complete my perfect day, I had to wait until a convoy of army lorries had passed me, before I could cross the road to our garden gate. With a set face I entered the house. I ignored my father's question, "Had a nice ride?" and I flounced into the sitting room. I picked up a book from the bookcase and threw myself into a chair by the fire. "I will **not** think about the war" I cried aloud, as I turned to the title page. Then I groaned a deep and heartfelt groan as I read "A Translation of Adolf Hitler's "Mein Kampf."

BETTY FRANCIS (Form VI).

### The Dragon Fly.

To-day I saw a Dragon Fly,  
Come from the well where he did lie.

An inner impulse rent the veil  
Of his old husk from head to tail.  
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.

He dried his wings; like gauze they grew.  
Through crofts and pastures wet with dew,  
Like a living flash of light he flew.

ROBERTS i (IIIb).

### To see Films or People?

As I live seven miles from the nearest town, 'picture-going' is a somewhat rare pleasure for me, so that when I do get the chance to attend the latest film—it is not usually more than three years old—I make the most of my opportunity. If the weather is fine, some of the greatest fun is derived from standing in a queue listening to the conversations of people in the crowd. I never have any qualms about this, as most of the remarks are made for the benefit of the public anyway, so by listening one is merely being obliging.

There is the smart middle-aged lady who has just had a new fur coat and who cannot possibly see how she is going to manage without more coupons, as she always has at least six pairs of shoes a year. Then there is the cheerful optimist who is quite sure that the war will continue for more than five years, because not only has he thought it all out for himself, but his favourite newspaper "The Daily Truthful" says so too.

Next to him is the harassed mother who is giving her five young children a treat, and who bemoans the fact that she can no longer give them oranges to suck in order to keep them quiet. However, a tremendous, exasperated threat to "take them home this minute if they don't behave themselves" restores a certain amount of order in that quarter.

Directly in front of her are two young men who are broadcasting in loud Oxford accents how much they won at the races yesterday, how much they drank on the way home and how they intend to drive out to their rich aunt's tomorrow. Unfortunately one finds out that "By Gad, he's left his wallet at home!" and as the other has only got half-a-crown in his pocket they are forced to pass somewhat disdainfully into the one and threepenny seats; an end which, though no discredit to them, is at least an anti-climax.

Having bought a ticket, I manage to find the right floor and there follow the attendant to my row. Then, left alone in the darkness, I have to shuffle my way along to the first seat, and this procedure is completed not without groans from my neighbours-to-be. Rather annoyed because I have seen the end of the "big picture" and so spoilt my enjoyment of it, I fumble with my seat, and it shoots out of my hand with such a clang, that surely the wrath of the gods could not be more fearful than that which now

descends on my head. However my feelings are somewhat relieved when another poor unfortunate commits the same crime, and I am able to ally myself with my former enemies, by adding to the general wave of detestation directed towards this second disturber of the peace.

While the advertisements are being shown, I amuse myself by counting the number of engine drivers in the audience,—that is the men who sit with their heads sticking out into the gangway. But as the second picture appears I relinquish this occupation and watch the screen with silent attention. The rest of the evening goes by without further excitement, and I am able to pass out into the night air, well satisfied.

But no such evening is complete without a supper of fish and chips, and it is only when I have scented out a fish shop, and am armed with a bag of well-salted, well-vinegared chips, that I feel that I have spent a really happy, if not exactly remunerative evening.

D. A. SAVAGE (Form VI).

### **Sports Day, 1942.**

Sports Day this year was held on June 4th. The weather was perfect for the spectators, but proved rather tiring to the competitors, it being one of the hottest sports days on record. Nevertheless, the races, which began earlier than usual, were keenly contested and all the usual vigour was shown by the competitors.

Our thanks this year are especially due to Mr. Thornton who undertook the task of preparing the field and arranging the heats and races, so ably done in the past by Mr. Hall. We also thank the stewards and judges for their assistance in awarding and recording points and contributing towards the success of the afternoon.

At the conclusion of the Sports programme a gymnastic display by the girls was given under the direction of Mrs. Wood and was followed by an exhibition of dancing by the pupils of the Perparatory Department.

The cup, trophy, shields and medals were presented this year by Lady Helen Seymour. The Sports shield was again won by the Brownies and the Victor Ludorum was secured by Hunt i with 78 points, Smith being a close runner-up with 70 points. As last year, savings stamps were given instead of actual medals, but were none the less appreciated.

After a vote of thanks to Lady Helen Seymour and the

presentation of a doll and a cheque from the sale of programmes for the Red Cross, the proceedings closed with the singing of the School Song and the National Anthem.

The Results were as follows:—

SENIORS (over 14).

100 Yards.—1 Stewart, 2 Smith, 3 Collett, 4 Hillman.  
220 Yards.—1 Hillman, 2 Burns, 3 Ore i, 4 Stewart.  
Half-mile.—1 Smith, 2 Hunt i, 3 Collett, 4 Arnold.  
440 Yards.—1 Smith, 2 Collett, 3 Hunt i, 4 Burns.  
Hurdles.—1 Hunt i, 2 Collins, 3 Arnold, 4 Smith.  
Slow Bicycle.—1 Harris i, 2 Hunt i, 3 Collins, 4 Draysey.  
Obstacle.—1 Hunt i, 2 Yapp, 3 Stewart, 4 Chatterley.  
High Jump.—1 Collett, 2 Arnold, 3 Ore i, 4 Hunt i.  
Cross Country (five miles).—1 Smith, 2 Hunt i, 3 Draysey,  
4 Arnold.  
The Mile.—1 Smith, 2 Hunt i, 3 Arnold, 4 Draysey.  
Long Jump.—1 Stewart, 2 Collett, 3 Ore i, 4 Hunt i.  
Throwing the Cricket Ball.—1 Collins, 2 Bryan, 3 Hunt i, 4  
S. nith.

JUNIORS (12—14).

160 Yards.—1 Whadcoat, 2 Cook, 3 Dowdeswell, 4 Underhill.  
220 Yards.—1 Whadcoat, 2 Underhill, 3 Lucas, 4 Hill ii.  
Half-mile.—1 McCarthy, 2 Whadcoat, 3 Gray ii, 4 Howie.  
Hurdles.—1 McCarthy, 2 Stone i, 3 Hancox, 4 Wood.  
Obstacle.—1 Dew i, 2 Moizer, 3 Aspinwall.  
Slow Bicycle.—1 Harris ii, 2 Clark i, 3 Hill i, 4 Budden.  
High Jump.—1 Underhill, 2 Pace i, 3 McCarthy, 4 Gray ii.  
Cross Country (three miles).—1 Gray ii, 2 Summers, 3  
McCarthy, 4 Pace i.  
Long Jump.—1 Cook, 2 Moizer, 3 Hill i, 4 Underhill.  
Throwing the Cricket Ball.—1 Cook, 2 Stone i, 3 Clark i, 4  
Hill ii.

JUNIORS (under 12).

100 Yards.—1 Huins i, 2 Humphreys, 3 Roberts ii, 4 Adkins.  
Egg and Spoon.—1 Gittus, 2 Haines i, 3 Baylis iii, 4 Rogers.  
Sack Race.—1 Jackson, 2 Huins i, 3 Gardner, 4 Pace ii.  
Three-legged Race.—1 Pace ii and Harris iii, 2 Lloyd and  
Paskin, 3 Hunt ii and Rogers, 4 Adkins and Roberts ii.

OTHER EVENTS.

Skipping Race (Girls).—1 M. Free, 2 P. Booth, 3 S. Carlyle, 4  
E. Lyon-Smith.

Form I Race.—1 Huins.

Relay Race (Preparatory).—1 Jackals, 2 Tomtits, 3 Brownies.

Tug-of-War.—1 Jackals, 2 Brownies, 3 Tomtits.

Relay Race.—1 Brownies, 2 Tomtits, 3 Jackals.

The following presentations were made:—

Victor Ludorum Sports Cup.—Hunt i (78 points).

Silver Medals.—Smith, Stewart, Collett, Gray ii, McCarthy, and  
Whadcoat.

Bronze Medals.—Collins, Arnold, Hillman, Cook, Underhill  
and Huins i.

Sports Shield.—1 Brownies (444 points), 2 Tomtits (263 points),  
3 Jackals (233 points).

J. M. S.

**Sports Day Indoors.**

The display of Arts and Crafts in the Hall, History and Art Rooms was of a very high standard, and, although limited by the rationing of material, there was a large quantity, the majority of which obtained high marks. This work included several classes of thrift needlework, which produced many ingenious articles made from every kind of used material. In addition to this individual craft work, there were three woollen blankets—the result of the co-operative work of the respective sides.

In the History Room the number of historical dolls was an increase upon the entries of last year; although there were not so many historical models, owing to the shortage of materials, a class was included for model aeroplanes and ships. The results of a miniature garden competition, introduced this year to compensate for the absence of cooking, were on show in various parts of the school.

In the Art Room there was, as usual, a large quantity of posters, many of which were of a high standard, as also were the historical illustrations.

Several of the girls gave various articles, which they had made, to be sold in aid of the Red Cross at Warwick. A historical doll and the three blankets, made by the sides, were also presented to the Red Cross.

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The Arts and Crafts Shield was won by the Brownies with 1803 points; the Jackals were second with 1058 points and the Tomtits third with 987. The Trophy was won by A. Aspinwall with 400 points, and the following received medals:—

**SILVER MEDALS.**

SENIOR.—A. Aspinwall (400), B. Aspinwall (238), J. Plesters (214), O. Davies (159), K. Wilson (130), B. Francis (114), B. North (86), P. Carman (84), D. Villers (82), K. Hemming (81).

JUNIOR.—B. Mitchell (149), D. Jones (89), Moizer (83).

**BRONZE MEDALS.**

SENIOR.—G. Spencer (79), M. Parker ii (78), N. Smart (76), P. Brookes (66), J. Reynolds (65), S. Rymell (60), D. Savage (59), M. Barker (52), M. Goodall (50), Sharpe (50).

JUNIOR.—V. Sharpe (77).

E.A.A.

**Football, 1941-42.**

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
11	2	8	1

### The Gentle Art.

I feel sometimes quite a useless, helpless kind of person, and as the Easter holidays drew slowly nearer, the feeling of utter depression curled faster round me. So after a thorough examination of my mental state and the ironically-termed 'glory hole' at home, I decided to find an outlet in work of national importance, salvage collecting.

Not being by nature desirous of earthly fame, my aspirations rose no further than the possession of an ancient wheel barrow, describable only by that cliché "one of the relics that Cromwell knocked about a bit." I desired none of the glories of a lorry or a majestic truck; just a plain homely wheelbarrow, for, "I'm an humble man, Mr. Copperfield." This wheelbarrow I procured, and then, in keeping with G.K.'s essay I began my triumphal march up the village road, with the tune of the tinniest version of "It's a long way to Tipperary" gracing the air.

I arrived at "Number one, High Street," without further mishap than the loss of "Sarah Jane, a very naughty child." There everything began. The honourable lady of the house, desirous of saving her reputation as well as her country, thrust upon me a barrow load of bottles. These were piled into my transport vehicle with several rusty tins, a pair of ready-ventilated wellingtons and a "Moody and Sankey" which stared its disapproval at the bottles. Giving my benign patroness, a-what-a-lot-I-for-one-do-for-my-country smile, and after she had blessed my dear heart several times with ardent repetition, I struggled to my destination. But Chaucer said "Ever the latter end of joy is woe," and the worst was yet to come.

So I slowly wandered up the road, feeling as if I was leading an army of patriots to save their dying country, my pride rising and mounting higher like a wave until it rolled over, like the bottles which lay in a thousand small pieces on the road. 'Rough treatment of fellow prisoners by Moody and Sankey,' I thought, as I gazed irefully at the barrow, my skies fast becoming overcast, gloomy, and foreboding in the form of a middle-aged man on a bicycle. "Well, — — I didn't mean — — I couldn't help — — I will arise and go to Innesfree," I muttered, as I beat a truly British retreat up the nearest garden path in search of a broom.

Never have I been so pleased with a cup of tea as I was after I had swept the road. How dare that man say "These kids messing about breaking bottles — — what's the country coming to? — — When I was a boy — —" and so on, after the time, energy and patience I had spent for him!

That night when I made up my diary I wrote, 'Salvage Collecting—magnis tamen excidit ausis,' and made a resolution to turn my energies into easier channels, such as gardening.

A BEATEN, BUT UNDAUNTED SIXTH FORMER.

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### A Country Ramble.

It is pleasant to ramble round the country lanes, to welcome each flower with joy, exploring the grassy fields and finding a dell of lovely bluebells. Suddenly our eyes light upon a bird's nest. We scramble up the steep bank and peep inside. There are five beaks poking up. Supper time—surely mother ought to be home?

We leave the nest and continue further down the lane. There is a lovely smell drifting to us on the wind. Curious to know the reason, we peep through a gap in the hedge. There before our eyes is a beautiful field of cowslips. It is getting dusk now; time to go home. We take one more glance at the flowers and walk slowly away.

B. WHITEHEAD (IIIa).

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### Hen and Chickens.

My hen has nine chickens. She was set on twelve eggs and I think she was very lucky, because no one bothered about her at all. One day she came walking proudly with the nine chickens. She works hard scratching to find seeds and grubs for the young chicks and, if anything flies over low, such as a pigeon, she races about with her wings spread out to protect them and I am sure it would be woe betide anything that tried to hurt any of them.

WILLIAMS (IIIb).

### **Le Cerce Français.**

#### Comité.

Président d'honneur: M. Caton.

Conseillères: Mlle. Slote, Mlle. Tilley.

Présidente: M. Austin.

Secrétaire: J. Buller.

Représentatives: A. Aspinwall, K. Wilson, B. Stallard.

Le cerce français était fondé le trimestre passé pour aider les membres des classes supérieures à améliorer leur connaissance de la langue française. D'abord les réunions étaient limitées aux membres des classes de la sixième et de la cinquième année, mais récemment la cerce a été augmenté par certaines personnes du U.IV.

Nous nous réunissons chaque vendredi. D'abord nous avons un jeu pendant que nous prenons le goûter; chacun apporte quelquechose à manger et on peut acheter le thé au restaurant. Nous allons à la salle de dessin où nous avons un autre jeu français. Nous avons appris quelques chansons françaises et nous les chantons, accompagnés au piano par Mlle. Tilley. Nous finissons toujours par chanter 'La Marseillaise' et 'En Passant par la Lorraine.'

Les réunions durent vers une heure et demie, et, grâce à Mlle. Slote et Mlle. Tilley nous les trouvons très agréables.

J.B.

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### **Scouts.**

Our numbers continue to increase and activities have proceeded on the usual lines. Our field day brought to view an unusually large number of cooks. Porridge was the general order of the day and of a very good standard. Some of the first class bread twists were highly successful and much enjoyed in spite of the absence of the usual additions of butter and jam. I should be glad to see the new Patrol Leaders taking an even greater interest in their Tenderfoots and helping them along. There has been a very keen interest in first class tests this term and I hope soon to have a good number of these badges on view when uniform is worn. There are many proficiency badges also which are still available. I take this opportunity of passing on the good wishes of the Scouts to all old Scouting who are now in the Forces.

E. S. WALKER, S.M.

**Cricket.**

Captain — COLLINS.

Though every member of the eleven must be commended for his keenness, their efforts have been rewarded by only one victory. One draw and one tie have, however, also been recorded, and we are hoping for further successes before the close of the season. Our one victory, over a formidable opponent, was a reward for some steady practice at the nets.

The team would like to express its thanks to Mr. Hadwen, who has given so much time to their training. They are also grateful to Portman, the scorer in all this season's matches.

Results :

		For	Against
A.G.S. v. Coventry K.H. VIII G.S. (home), lost	43	80	
v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (away), tied,	81	81	
v. Warwick School (away), drawn,	33 for 7	54 for 7	
v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), lost,	49	51 for 3	
v. Stratford G.S. (home), lost,	93	124 for 3	
v. Redditch C.H.S. (home), lost,	61	129 for 5	
v. Stratford G.S. (away), won,	76	66	
v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), lost,	47	52 for 1	
v. Coventry K.H. VIII G.S. (home), lost,	40	89	

## SIDES MATCHES.

Brownies beat Tomtits, 73 runs to 62; Brownies beat Jackals, 63 runs to 12; Tomtits beat Jackals, 53 runs to 21. A.D.C.

**Tennis.**

Captain — B. BAYLIS.

This term the School has been represented by B. Baylis, M. Barker, D. Villers, S. Careless, P. Cresswell, B. Jobson, B. North and J. Buller.

Owing to good weather this term there has been plenty of tennis practice, and many challenges have been played. Sides matches have taken place, the Brownies beating both the Jackals and the Tomtits. The Gold Medal matches were started soon after half-term.

One match has been played so far, the school team beating Bromsgrove C.H.S. by a very narrow margin. Three other matches have been arranged, and we hope that the good weather will continue to enable them to take place.

Results :—

A.G.S. beat Bromsgrove C.H.S. by 5 matches to 4.

B.B.

### **Cadet Corps.**

O.C.—Captain V. V. Druller.

In spite of the fact that there has been considerable interference with parades this term owing to preparations for Sports, etc., normal routine has been followed. Most cadets have had practice on the rifle range, and some time has been devoted to guard and sentry duties.

At last, the long-awaited battledress has arrived, and the majority of the unit have now been satisfactorily equipped. The possession of this uniform should do much to promote the corporate spirit in the Corps, which the more recent recruits who have been so long without any uniform at all have found it somewhat difficult to feel.

Parades this term have been on Monday and Friday afternoons. As the unit is almost up to full strength, boys who are contemplating becoming cadets next term are advised to hand in their names to Captain Druller before the end of this term. Vacancies in the Corps will be filled strictly in order of application.

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### **For the Juniors.**

#### **Going Fishing.**

The fishing season has not yet come, but I go fishing in pits for Golden Carp and Mud Carp. One Saturday afternoon I went fishing with my friend in a pit near by. We fished for over an hour before either of us had a bite, then my friend pulled out a dirty looking fish. It was a Mud Carp. He and I were excited because once you have a bite you sometimes have a lot of bites after it. But to our disappointment we didn't have another bite, except the root of a tree which broke my line. Then we went home to have our tea.

PACE ii (Remove).

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#### **A Brown Bee.**

One day I saw a big brown bee. It was flying among the flowers sucking honey from them. First it flew down on to a big Sunflower. It stayed there sucking the honey for about

five minutes, then it flew on to a lovely Easter Lily. After that it went on to a wallflower. It stayed there somewhere round a minute, then flew away over the hedge. Soon it came back, buzzing loudly; it stayed on a daisy just over a minute, then it flew down the garden.

B. HEIGHWAY (Remove).

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### **The Poor Baby Rabbit.**

Once upon a time there was a Mother Rabbit. She had seven baby rabbits. One day when it was fine and sunny Mother Rabbit took her children out for a walk. Two of them were twins. These twins' names were Flopit and Mopit. The other rabbits' names were Chubby, Furry, Floppy, Pit-a-pat and Bimbo. When it was time to go home they could not find Pit-a-pat. They hunted and hunted about for her, and at last they found her. She was tangled in the thorny briars and she was crying. Mother Rabbit took her home, bathed her, and put her to bed. Then she gave the others their tea and put them to bed.

P. BOOTH (Form II).

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### **A Story.**

One day I was gardening and I heard something squeaking, so I looked up. I saw a linnet's nest, so I climbed up the tree. There were four baby linnets in it.

MICHAEL YEOMANS (Form II).

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### **The Spider.**

Oh, please, Mr. Spider, do not kill that little fly,  
Or put it in a silly pie, pie, pie;  
Or hang it on a line,  
For it is mine, mine, mine,  
So please, Mr. Spider, do not kill that little fly.

OLIVE BULLER (Form ii).